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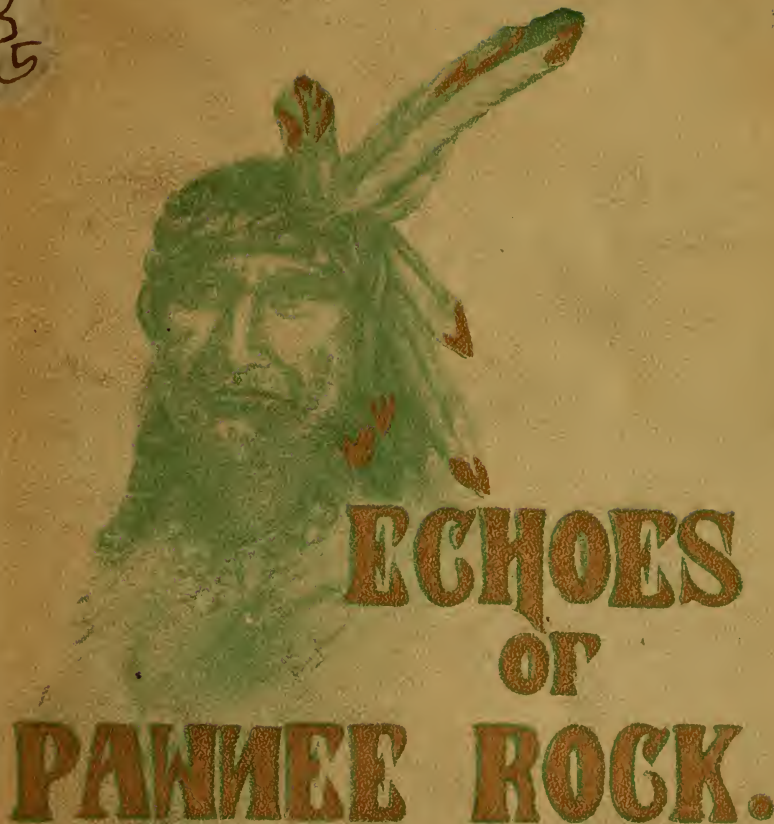

ECHOES OF PAWNEE ROCK.

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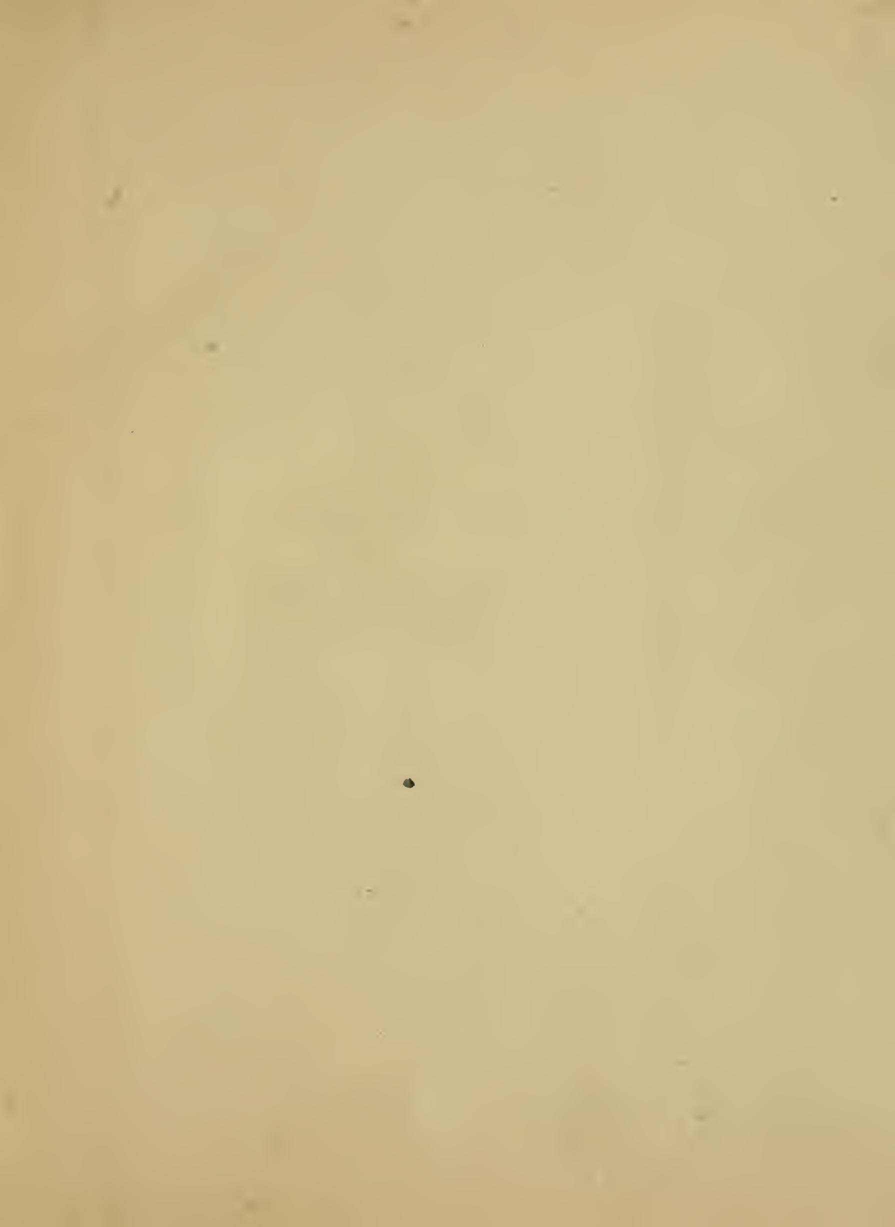
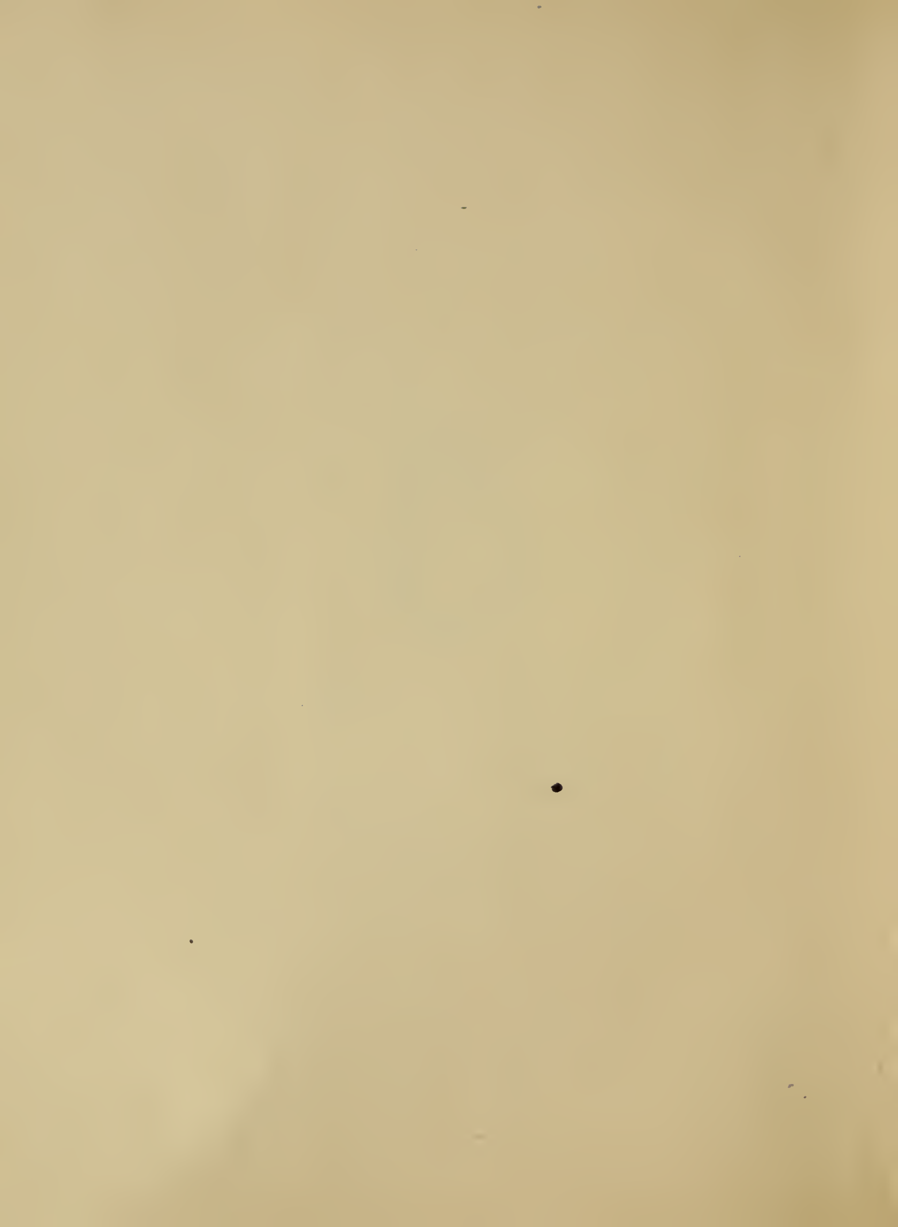
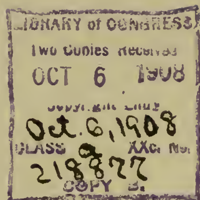




Echoes of Pawnee Rock

COMPILED BY

MARGARET PERKINS



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by

The Woman's Kansas Day Club

WICHITA, KANSAS:

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publishers

To the Pioneers of Kansas

A BOOK

By Eugene Ware

With granite once a genius bridged a stream;
A builder once a rugged temple wrought;
  On canvas once a painter fixed a thought;
A sculptor once in marble carved a dream;
A queen once built a tomb, and in the scheme
  Of gold and bronze the quivering sunbeams caught;
  Then came oblivion, unseen, unsought,
Contemptuous of thinker and of theme.

And some one wrote a book. Palace and Hall
  Are gone. Marble and bronze are dust. The fanes
  Are fallen, which the sungold sought. The Rook,
At morn, caws garrulously over all.
  All! All! are gone. The book alone remains.
  Man builds no structure which outlives a book.

This little book owes its being to some Kansas writers whose generous minds and loyal hearts prompted the gratuitous expenditure of ability and time.

The entire proceeds will be spent by the Woman's Kansas Day Club in marking the historic spots of the state.

The little volume is confidently intrusted to the people of our state whose frontier life has rarely been the theme of story and song.

MARGARET PERKINS.

Contributors

Henry J. Allen
H. A. Bower
Gov. E. W. Hoch
Amanda T. Jones
Mrs. Cora G. Lewis
Geo. W. Martin
J. R. Mead
Grace Meeker
W. Y. Morgan
Laura Alton Payne
Margaret Perkins
Adolph Roenigk
Mrs. J. S. Simmons
Eugene F. Ware
William Allen White
Robert M. Wright

THE WOMAN'S KANSAS DAY CLUB

By Mrs. J. S. Simmons

THE idea of forming a Woman's Kansas Day Club was conceived by the Good Government Club of Topeka, which sent out a call to the women of the State, to meet in the State House on January 29, 1906. More than seven hundred women responded and the Club was organized.

At the first annual meeting held in Topeka, January 29, 1907, the Constitution and By-Laws were adopted, which state among other things, that the Woman's Kansas Day Club shall be non-partisan, non-sectarian, and its members shall be composed of the loyal, patriotic women of Kansas.

The object of this Club shall be to encourage and promote the collection and preservation of the early history of Kansas; to instill patriotism in Kansas youth, and to establish a comradeship among Kansas women.

Annual meetings shall be held in Topeka on the 29th day of January of each year.

At the annual meeting held in Topeka, January 2, 1908, it was decided to make the securing of Pawnee Rock the specific work of the year. This work was entrusted to the President and her official Board of twenty members. In the preliminary work of securing a contract with the owner of the Rock, they met with much success. He has made a deed of gift to the State of Kansas for five acres of land surrounding and including the Rock, and agrees to sell an avenue 100 feet wide leading from the town of Pawnee Rock to the historic Pawnee Rock. These deeds are placed in escrow in the Pawnee Rock State Bank and will be delivered to the Women's Kansas Day Club when they have raised the sum of Three Thousand Dollars to place improvements on the property. Among these improvements as specified will be a monument to cost not less than Fifteen Hundred Dollars. This money must be raised by December 31st or the opportunity to secure this gift is forfeited.

This work of the Woman's Kansas Day Club is a work for all loyal and patriotic women of Kansas.

MONUMENTS AND THINGS

By William Allen White

GENERALLY speaking, Kansas has few ivy clad ruins, and few traditions. Today is sufficient for today in Kansas; yesterday is as unimportant as tomorrow, and as a result of this temperament, Kansas has few monuments, few places of popular pilgrimage, and practically no heroes. The closest approach to a hero in Kansas is John Brown, and he is more of a hero outside of Kansas than inside of Kansas. Too many men are living who knew him. And so long as men live in the flesh who knew a man, he does not do well in bronze or marble.

The movement to preserve and cherish Pawnee Rock is a worthy movement on general principles—aside from all consideration of the heroism for which the great rock stands; for Kansas needs heroes; needs historic spots; needs traditions; needs to contemplate yesterday with reverence that she may live today better and go tomorrow with hope. The money spent in any community in preserving and cherishing heroic deeds, or places of lofty aspiration, or scenes of great sacrificial events, is money invested in something better for a community in the long run, than stocks and bonds. It is good for every people to know that they have inherited a debt—the debt of past sacrifices, past heroism, past aspiration. The more the fact of our obligation to the unselfish men of the past is kept before our eyes, the more sure will we face today's problems like men and the less like mice. A monument to heroism in any community taxes the selfish members of that community; makes them unpopular by daily contrast with those who lived worthily in other days.

The Pawnee Rock will indeed be the shadow of a rock in a weary land. Eastern Kansas has monopolized the heroes; Western Kansas has as much of heroism, as much of abnegation, and of human sacrifice to a great cause as Eastern Kansas, but it has not been noted down and memorialized. This Rock will be worth its millions to that part of Kansas as the decades slip into centuries; and the story that the great rock symbolizes, as it is told and retold, cannot but make a deep impression on the life of this community.

CIVILIZATION IN SIXTY YEARS

By Henry J. Allen

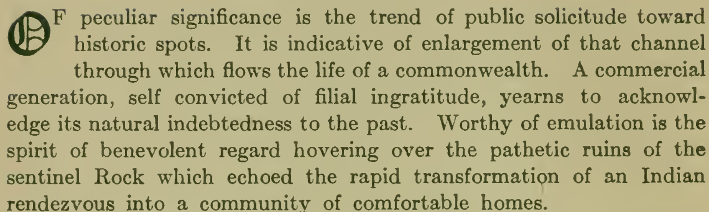
THE romantic civilization of the great plains has passed away. The steam railroad has come to take the place of the old Santa Fe Trail. The piano, the Brussels carpet, the lace curtain, the automobile, the talking machine, have taken the place in the civilization of Pawnee Rock, once held by the coyote, the campfire, the buffalo and the six-shooter. The place where the Red Man laid in wait to massacre the lonely wagon train has now become the cradle of a thriving civilization. In the very spot where, only sixty years ago, women and children were ruthlessly butchered by savages, they are now playing bridge whist, organizing womens' clubs, having church socials and buying fashions from Paris. The Red Man has either disappeared altogether or has learned to wear his shirt in the confines of trousers and has become a student of spirituous liquors.

Pawnee Rock, sixty years ago, was a great rock in a weary land. The emigrant trains crept slowly past it in close procession toward the Rocky mountains: And even sixty years ago, which is but an instant of time in the life of a nation, no one dreamed that the emigrants, who halted for a night in the shadow of the great rock. were going to the Pacific coast to find gold and breed nations along the shore of the ocean. No one realized at that time that the few fanatical Mormons who groped their way past Pawnee Rock would rear a swarming Jerusalem in the bosom of solitude itself. That was even less than sixty years ago and yet since that time the disenchanting screech of the locomotive has broken the spell on the vast plains, womens' rights have invaded the fastness of the Arapahoe Indians, and the wild cavalcade of savagery has taken off its feathers and paint, and put on what clothes it could borrow, and is now living off the government.

It is inconceivable that a civilization so finished and already practically paid for, should have developed within one generation. It is natural that a people fighting for time in a new country should forget the business of making monuments. The taste for monuments comes from retrospection, which arrives only with age. I am glad the Woman's Kansas Day Club has, for purely memorial purposes, purchased Pawnee Rock and arranged to preserve what is left of the ancient landmark. The sentiment which inspires this act is rich and full of fitting tribute to the memory of the hardy pioneers and plainsmen who constituted, only a few years ago, the advance guard of modern civilization west of the Mississippi river.

FROM THE PENS OF PIONEERS

By Margaret Perkins



OF peculiar significance is the trend of public solicitude toward historic spots. It is indicative of enlargement of that channel through which flows the life of a commonwealth. A commercial generation, self convicted of filial ingratitude, yearns to acknowledge its natural indebtedness to the past. Worthy of emulation is the spirit of benevolent regard hovering over the pathetic ruins of the sentinel Rock which echoed the rapid transformation of an Indian rendezvous into a community of comfortable homes.

Pioneer settlers remember the western half of the state as a wilderness of virgin sod. On the present site of vigorous towns and stately groves and matchless wheat fields rioted appalling prairie fires. Instead of geometrical thoroughfares innumerable buffalo paths—the providence of many a thirst tortured plainsman—led to water; for the short grass country was the primitive home of the bison, and a prehistoric upheaval, disgorging a gigantic formation of stone in the level empire of the buffffalo, destined Pawnee Rock to notoriety.

Despite the golden haze of romantic narration enveloping the locality, Pawnee Rock is an essential link in the history of state development. The vicinity was a favorite haunt of the Pawnee Indians—whence the name and sanguinary record of the Rock; for wherever they sojourned, the Red Men failed not to trace a bloody inscription to their memory; and Pawnee Rock was the scene of a contest singularly tragic even in the annals of a race peerless in the history of barbarous peoples.

During buffalo days, the grassy plain surrounding the Rock afforded superior advantages for sport. A plainsman, writing of personal reminiscences says, "Riding one day from Plumb Creek Ranch to Fort Larned, I saw buffaloes in every direction as far as the eye could reach, denser in the vicinity of Pawnee Rock than elsewhere." Thither "in the moon when leaves are falling," came migratory tribes to kill their winter supply of meat. A perennial dispute of ownership

annually resulted in the fall of many braves whose rude weapons were long ago upturned by the peaceful plowshare.

Prior to the first settlement, a small party of Pawnees, closely pressed by many Cheyennes and Arapahoes, found refuge behind the friendly Rock. For days they valiantly maintained the position; nor did their enemies seize the natural fortress until the last desperate Pawnee had been dispatched.

A Barton County pioneer writes, "As for bloody battles fought around this old Rock, I should judge they were numerous; for when I came here, many graves were discernible. Well I remember the fall and winter of 1872 when a party of St. Louis bone pickers camped under the shelter of Pawnee Rock. Those sixteen cars, packed for shipment by my brother and me, did not contain buffalo bones only. Just how many human skeletons we packed, I cannot now say, but fully ten skulls went to St. Louis as revenue to those bone pickers. In those days, finding a human skull in this vicinity was no uncommon occurence."

The celebrated Santa Fe Trail flanks the base of the Rock. Creeping wagon train caravans always approached the shadowy bulwark with inexpressible apprehension. Treacherous death frequently lurked there, and under a varying canopy of wheat lie the bones of the vanguard of progress who cemented with their blood the foundation of prosperity in the short grass country.

Says a soldier who was stationed at Fort Harker, "As late as 1868, wagon trains from Fort Harker were frequently surrounded by Indians in the vicinity of Pawnee Rock, and only released from their peril by the arrival of relief from either Fort Larned or Fort Zarah."

But if Pawnee Rock had no historic setting, still would it appeal to a pristine sentiment which obliterating centuries are unable to erase from the hearts of men. The deafening roar of an unparalleled commercial era has not drowned the echo of an ancient warning against removing the landmark of the fathers.

The plainsman saw the district between the Arkansas River and Walnut Creek stretch away to the horizon's bound in a wearisome monot-

ony of gently undulating prairie, save when the eye rested on the astonishing phenomenon of the Rock. The superstitious Indians averred it was the miraculous gift of their Great Spirit. Whatever its origin, it towered from the plain in majestic grandeur, and lifted into the shimmering sunlight its eagle encircled summit of more than a hundred feet, which, under favorable atmospheric conditions, could be seen for twenty miles.

To the popular custom of name carving, old as the Pyramids, the Rock owes the signatures of John Sherman, Robert E. Lee, John Freemán, Kit Carson and many other celebrated folk.

This most notable landmark and camp on the Santa Fe Trail merits a share of the tardy attention which a battle-born state is bestowing upon those localities "where our fathers died." It is fitting that the sons and daugthers who enjoy the goodly heritage for which those fathers sacrificed themselves should preserve Pawnee Rock in a State Park forever.

"THE PLAINS OF BITTERNESS"

By Mrs. Cora G. Lewis

IN the shadowy light of a long ago September evening, a man and a woman stood by the low stone wall of an old Southern garden. The graceful branches of a young birch tree drooped over them, and tall autumn lilies nodded by the gate. Below the tangled garden stood a house with wide cool porches, and farther down in the green curve of a valley lay a little lake, the water rippling about its grassy shores which were partly hidden by a drapery of wild vines in the trees. Beyond the valley the hills were touched with the delicate coloring which is the aftermath of the summer's green glory. A straggling Kentucky village nestled among the sloping hills, and to the young couple by the wall, the scene looked like a picture of Corot's touched with serene life as if the landscape had been caught in a season of dreaming.

John Argo who stood with his girl wife in the old garden, was tall and well built. He had the clear, fine skin, black hair and the blue eyes with dark shadows in their depths, which go with fine Irish blood, and this also marked his full sensitive mouth. He stood straight and tall like the young birch drooping over him.

Susan Houston had been John's sweetheart since they first went to the village school. She was now his wife and was the picture of girlish contentment as she stood under the trees with her tall husband. Her fair hair waved softly about a delicate, oval face, in which the color that came and went always reminded John of a Southern blush rose. Her brown eyes were wide and clear, and the straight, dark brows gave Susan a look of grave seriousness except when she laughed. Her marriage to John Argo had been celebrated a few weeks before the September evening when they stood in the garden taking a farewell look at the lake, the hills beyond, and the little village, all rich with memories of their happy youth.

The next morning they were to go West to Kansas, then opened by the Government for homesteaders, where they meant to make their home and fortune.

Susan sighed, and looked at her husband with a face shiningly responsive to the spirit of the twilight.

"Isn't it all too beautiful to be real?"

John answered her quietly, although back of his presence seemed to brood a tense, anxious uncertainty.

"Yes, it is an enchanted vale, Susan dear, and I feel even at this hour, after all our plans are made, that I must change them and go West alone."

Susan turned her face toward her husband, startled out of her reverie.

"I cannot," he went on, now with passionate determination, "take you away from your people—from home and other women until I know what I'm taking you to."

"Hush my dear," Susan said earnestly. "Why are you so afraid this last day. You've hinted at this all the afternoon. Do not lose courage, my husband, for sweet as this all is, and full of glad memories, we must go where you can get land, and my place is with you. Let us have the end of our very last dear day without a cloud. Look, can you see the crooked streets and the old white pavingstones?" pointing to the village.

"Yes," John replied with a qiver in his voice, "and they make me feel as if they were dream paths along which we've wandered for so many years—ever since we were children." He put his arms about his wife and bent his head against hers.

"It's getting late," Susan answered, softly stroking John's face "and we must go in and be ready for our journey tomorrow. Mother is waiting to talk to me. She thinks the mails don't go West and she must tell me everything before I go." As she turned half about to go in she cried joyously: "There is the old church spire against the sunset, but the grey stone guardhouse is in the dark of the shadow from Meadow Hill." They breathed softly as if fearing to lose a line of the rare picture.

The purple mist was gathering over the lake, and the slender sickle of the young moon was reflected in its waters. Across the valley came the sighing of the night breezes and the joyous laughter of the village children at their evening play.

When Susan turned to go, a spasm of fear crossed John's face and he caught her hands in his that were cold and trembling.

"Wait! don't go yet. I must tell you something. I am going West alone tomorrow. You must listen to me," he said, as she turned toward the house.

"No, sweetheart, I will not listen to you. Other women have

faced the hardships in new unknown lands for the sake of the men they loved," and, with her arms about him, "no one of them ever loved as I love you, John. That is not possible." She laughed softly and continued as she saw his face set with resistance against her argument, "we have our own way to make, and I will not stay here in comfort while you go alone to make the struggle. My place is beside you."

John hesitated a moment, then looking away from her began in a depressed, colorless voice.

"I had a frightful dream last night, and the terror of it has been in my heart all day. I seemed in the dream to be asleep and dreaming, and all at once to waken and find we were shipwrecked and alone in a boat. We were drifting about on a great black sea and the dark waters seemed to spread to indefinite, far off, slimy shores. You were ill and thirsty and all the terrible water about us was bitter.

"I dreamed I left you and went stumbling about the boat to find a bit of water for you. When I came back and had almost reached your side, the vessel broke apart and I tried to dash over the chasm of waters to you. I could not, and you drifted quickly out into the dark alone, calling to me across the bitter, black water that seemed to hiss under the floating piece of the boat that bore you out of my sight. I struggled and fought to get into the water, but some ghastly, invisible power drew me back into the engulfing darkness alone."

John had touched her temple with his fingers as he finished speaking, as if to carry into her consciousness the warning the night vision had opened before his soul. His voice ached from telling her of the nameless horror of the drifting, black, bitter waters.

She drew shiveringly toward him as the wind rose, soughing through the branches of the birch tree, seeming to have in it the chill from the waters in John's hideous dream. In the dim light of the new moon he thought her forehead shone with the gleaming whiteness he had imagined in the face of the young martyrs.

"Now John you see what it is to have Irish ancestors, and be brought up on their stories and superstitions. I've always told you, you made a mistake in not being born American, pure and straight. If you were you would know that dreams go by contraries—like girls. Besides, the horses of Mananan must have been near to carry me ashore. If you're going to see the visions of old Ireland, see the light as well as the darkness. Can't you see John, it's my fate to go, since I've married an Argo, for they are bound to roam. Tomorrow we set sail

in search of the golden fleece that is out on the prairies of the West waiting for us. I would be so lonely here, but with you I shall not mind work, or fear danger."

Women love so much and know so little in the sweet romance of young wifehood. To Susan this romance had been the happy fulfillment of a love that had enfolded her since she and John were children.

He turned her fair face upward in the moonlight and read in it her determination to go with him. If it must be that way he would put his foreboding misery away from him and bend his thoughts toward succeeding in his new venture. Long afterward, he remembered lingering in the path as they went to the house, to look at Mars, glowing like an evil eye in the sky of the West, which in some remote corner of consciousness he connected with fading, dying things. The big red planet seemed to warn him of the perils of young women who go out on the border of the desert before its elemental fierceness has been subdued by man.

"Did you have a letter from your cousin Edward in Kansas, today?" Susan asked as they went in.

"Yes, I forgot all about it. I meant to tell you."

"What does he say?" Susan asked eagerly.

"Oh," musingly, "it's a song of the West I think. He says the sunsets are more glorious than Italy's, and the soft air blows across immense green plains rich with the fragrance of their grasses. He says the soil is so friendly that it yields its golden harvests to any one who will make the Earth on offering of labor in season. He thinks the big herds of cattle would astonish the farmers here out of their senses."

Susan laughed merrily. "And you want to see all this wonderful, golden West without me! Well, you're a married man now, and you can't go wandering away alone any more."

They went in, and far into the night Susan's mother talked to her of the things she must face in the new land of her wifehood. When she had laid the burdens of responsibility on the shoulders of her slender, young daughter, she kissed her with tears dimming her eyes saying:

"Go on, dear child, I am glad you are brave enough to stand by your husband. You will be lonely, you must work, but it is all better than to be a useless woman, selfish and lazy. Go, and be a great woman; one of those who do things, and who live to some purpose."

Little did the mother know of the fierce fight the western desert

makes to beat back into its fold the prairies, with their allurement for the children of men, nor could she dream how many women must be sacrificed to make the green plains fit for homes.

The next morning, John and Susan Argo began their Westward journey. They took an overland train and soon after another dawn the trees were fewer and the horizon larger. Further on, the plains seemed to stretch illimitable distances to the sky. That night, as they stood on the platform of the slow moving train, the moon seemed just above them, and there was an intimacy in the twinkling stars that lay in unnumbered millions along the shore of the heavens. The September air blew in their faces, spicy with the prairie odors.

Many families were on the train, all thrust on the unknown plain by the human hunger for land; led on by the wisdom of the spirit in each one, that knows God never meant his children to be separated from the Earth he created for them.

The next morning John and Susan awoke at daybreak and soon came to the end of their journey, at a new town rearing itself with bustling, blatant clatter on the very borderland between desert and plain. There was a want of privacy in the glaring sunlight, but every one was full of hope and neighborliness, as they made a little home in the big land. Susan loved to watch the cow-boys, the Knights of the Plain, with picturesque sombreros, and gallant manners, as they galloped over the prairies on their spirited ponies. Their liking for clanking spurs and leather armor was a heritage from feudal ancestors. and instead of tournaments with men, they were engaged in a battle with man's enemy, primitive nature, that strikes at him when he presumes to enter a new domain.

"Life without color and adventure would press heavily on their spirits," she told John, "and they uphold the traditions of Knighthood to a man."

"Yes, and how they scorn comfort," John replied, "Not one of them will sleep in a bed if he can get enough prairie to stretch himself on. They are always ready to help you in trouble, but you ought to see a crowd of them measure out their law to a cattle thief. Discourtesy to a woman and stealing another fellow's cattle are the cardinal sins in their eyes."

Every cowboy on the plains loved John and Susan, and not one of them ever passed within reach of them, without stopping for the welcome the little home held for them. They loved its few magazines and

books, the pretty china and the pictures on its walls. In some subtle way they felt refreshed after an hour under John's roof.

There was never a lonely moment in the new home for Susan. Every morning in the majesty of the sunrise they consecrated themselves anew to the willing toil of making a home on the vast beautiful plain.

After a year John had his land all broken and ready to farm. The second year's crops, though small, gave some returns, and they were happy and full of strength. By this time John knew he had only half understood, in the South, the struggle a man assumed when he tried to make a home where the Earth furnishes neither timber nor rocks, and substance and shelter must be drawn from the land. He worked harder and never hinted this to Susan, who used her strength to the utmost to help him.

The second October after their coming to Kansas her first baby, a boy, was born. He was a healthy, happy child, and the joys of her motherhood deepened and sweetened her great nature. In spite of her happiness, she grew thin as the months went by, and the daily work was often more than she could do. John looked at her often, her charms increased by her new happiness, and thought she was more beauitful than in her girlhood.

The third year the crops were fairly good, and John worked like mad to get everything cared for.

People came in rapidly and the country was being gradually settled, when the fourth summer came with the terrible drouth.

For months that year the sky was like copper, pitiless and stern. The sun hung above its brazen depth, scorching nearly every green thing, and the hot wind blew long weeks intoning an evil song of destruction and withering what the sun left. Its hissing breath kept every sense and nerve strained, resisting the malign powers of devastation unleashed on the plains.

The crops John planted with hope were blighted by the hostile elements. Every tree and shrub and flower, planted with loving hands about the little prairie home, drooped pleadingly for rest from the beating winds, and crying for rain, died.

In the November of the drouth people began leaving their homes, and all winter on the trails of the brown, dusty prairie, John and Susan watched the covered wagons creeping away with the stricken families. John always said in his heart: "They are going to the East, toward

the light." With every evil stroke of fortune, the fighting blood in his veins leaped. He worked without rest, taking cattle the farmers were unable to sell, and driving them every day out on the prairies to the dry buffalo grass. No thought of submission or resignation entered his heart, as he arose each morning with a keen sense of the privation resting on his family. He would whip into its lair the evil fate pursuing him.

Just before Christmas, a daughter was born to him and Susan; and for a time the tremenduous happiness that came with the child pushed toil, anxiety and failure into the realms of unimportance.

Susan struggled for weeks after the birth of the child to get on her feet. She was so close now to the primitive human needs of her family that she dared not think, for their substance had gone little by little.

When John, looking tired and worn from the day's work, tried to care for her and the children, she often said: "The winter is nearly over, sweetheart, and in the spring I will be better. The cattle have lived through the season, and we shall come out all right yet."

John, secure in the age-long belief that the Earth will yield to those who are willing to work, made plans for the coming Spring. As the planting season passed without rain and he was unable to put in crops, his face grew ghastly in its terror. Susan told him she felt better every day, but one evening he took her in his arms and faltered:

"Dear, we must give it up and go away. I can work and fight hard, but I cannot live and see you fading like this." He had seen how she was all the time in spite of her bravery.

"No, oh no. no! We can't go back. Things will grow better here. I—we"—she sobbed close to his heart—"I couldn't stand the journey now."

"I am growing to hate the prairies," he moaned. "To me they are the plains of bitterness, such bitterness as I did not think I could live and know."

"Don't John, don't say that," Susan gasped, "Everything has changed at home. We have no money to go away. We must wait here on the prairies for the turn of the tide."

He held her away from him, looking long in her sweet, earnest face, with eyes even yet full of courage, challenging his thought of failure.

She sang sometimes in bed as she rocked her little ones beside her, and crooned the old folk lore melodies that had fed her own childish imagination.

"I wonder," she murmured to them often, "if you will grow to be like other children who have playmates and games, or if you will be lonely and remote as these wild prairies."

John came in one day late in the spring with the hunted look of a man whom the Gods of evil have broken.

"Susan," he said thickly, "The MacLellons and Nortons are going to leave next week. I will get everything ready and—and—can't we go with them?" They were the only settlers left and she knew they would be alone on the prairie.

"No, No John, not now" she breathed, "I could not go anywhere now. Do not ever speak of it again."

John said no more, but went out in the evening when he had cared for her and the babies, and she heard him sobbing, away out on the desolate prairie. When he came in, she was awake, looking pitifully pale and helpless.

"I cannot stand that," she wailed. "I cannot stand that."

John put his head on her hands and sobbed: "Forgive me just this once; it is the only time. God will not forget us, although I cannot seem to find him in this forsaken land."

The drouthy days dragged leadenly along, and in July the hot winds began to blow. Susan's face grew whiter every day as its scorching blasts invaded the house. One night as she slept, the spirit of her mother who had gone before, passed before her face, looking into her eyes with brooding tenderness, and she knew her summons had come to go. The passion of suffering in her face when she tried to rise the next morning told John all.

The next evening just before sundown the wind quieted and she asked John to come to her. "See beloved, the whole West is aglow. The very gates of eternity are opened for me."

The babies slept beside her, their little faces showing the relief from the nerve racking winds.

"Put them on my arm dear, once more." She held them a long time, the slanting rays of the sun lighting her anguished face. It seemed hardest to let the baby go, but she kissed their flower-like mouths, put her thin fingers caressingly on their little eyes and John took them away.

"It is cool outside," she said, "and they will be better for a sleep in the open air."

When he came in the light from the full moon shone in at the east

window and the sun had gone. It was an old moon, and they both thought of the night when it was young over the lake in the valley in Kentucky. When the storm of weeping had passed over John, crushing and breaking him, she held his head against her breast.

"There are so many things I want to say to you dear, before I go."

"Don't talk; don't talk much, it takes your strength so."

"While I have strength, I want to tell you these things John." Her voice quivered brokenly. "Through all the trials out here I've been happy in your love. For all these outside things you must not grieve when I am—away. I go away— so far, but with the memory of a love—always tender—about me, like choice incense. You have been constant. You have never failed me. To be poor is easy. I never could have borne unfaithfulness or—or coarseness, or to have had your love grow cold."

His bowed head rested now on the slender, nervous hands that he had held so often, and her low whisper caressed his face.

"You have always been good to me, and remember, dear, I would not listen, I would come here, but Oh, I did not know." She was quiet a moment, and then she began in the low, sweet voice that was always like music—"We have had each other, and nothing else matters."

John knew this was all true, but the sorrow of the years to him, was the privation that had crushed her. Their minds were dazed by the coming separation and the chasm Susan must cross alone seemed dark to John, but they faced the hour in dignity, unafraid of what was to come.

Her mind wandered. "It is so beautiful outside—There is no wind now—over—over the moonlit prairie. Carry me outside John, it is calling me. Oh, I love the plains in spite of their cruelty."

Susan roused now, and saw she had hurt John.

"It is a savage country," he groaned. "I cannot let it touch you again, not even at the end of all the years we hoped to spend together." John was sobbing drearily.

"Don't dear, I must be brave—I will be brave."

"You have always been brave," he replied to the question in her tones. "You have hoped and worked and loved and prayed as only a woman can. That you have never quailed at anything is your glory."

"You will take the children away—from here?"

"Yes," he answered, and he little thought how soon.

She slept a little, and the cooling shadows of great wings seemed to protect her from the fierce sun and the wind of the past few weeks. In from the prairie came the night song of a grasshopper and the plaintive wail of a thirsty plover.

After Susan lay with closed eyes awhile, she revived and they talked of many things as lovers will: the days of their quickly vanished youth, their charming courtship, the mystery of love, and their plans and hopes for the children. The recording angel without his tablets, would not have known the tremendous deeps through which their souls had passed.

John looked with aching eyes into the face in which he had loved to watch the gracious bloom of motherhood, and saw it fading slowly. As her breathing grew shorter, the tides of her life seemed flowing into his.

At last the end came and he kissed her face, and her dear hands, and knelt in humility beside her slender body, a storm of passionate regret for all her suffering sweeping over him again. Then the brutal poverty of their surroundings was borne into his consciousness, and going outside he carried the little ones in the house. He worked without rest; he was past the need; and in the twilight of the dawn was ready to leave the prairie home.

"I can never leave her here on these plains. This soil shall not touch her."

As the sun rose he placed Susan's white body, looking like a broken lily, in a wagon, put her children beside her, and drew the cover tightly down.

"I dare not stop to say good bye to anything she has touched," he whispered to himself, as he looked around the room where she died, before closing the door.

As the sun came up to view the vast desolation of drouth and wind, and the human wreckage miles away from all help and sympathy, John drove away from the House of Death. The early morning was cool and quiet, but after an hour the wind blew hot again over the long prairie spaces, and the children sobbed themselves to sleep calling for their mother, who lay so still beside them.

Late in the afternoon John thought he heard the even hoof-beats of galloping horses, and then some one called from the road behind:

"Hello! Where ye goin' traveler?"

"I don't know," John murmured.

"Have ye seen anything of cattle thieves on the road about here, pardner?" said a second cow boy, from the near side of the wagon.

They were riding on each side of him now, and not understanding the question John shook his head. His only thought was to get the children and Susan where women could care for them.

"Look a here, Dan, what's the use o' talkin' to this man. He's puttin' them airs on to fool us. What's he got that wagon covered tight down, a hot day like this fer?" growled Bill Tatum, as his friend dropped back in the road.

"I don't know," replied Dan uneasily, "but he's sick, or somethin's the matter."

"Well, looky here, Dan, I ain't goin' to stand no nonsense. I think he's a cattle thief and theys some carcasses in there."

"Now Bill, you're always so suspicious. I tell ye that man's sick."

"Hold on, pardner," Bill cried, "Less see what's in yer wagon."

"Yes," John answered, stopping the horses and turning his sunken eyes on the men.

Bill Tatum got off his horse and raised the canvas of the wagon.

"Oh my God! man—Dan—Dan—" he cried with a dry throat, then turning to John, "Pardner, can yer forgive me? Say ye will," he uttered imperiously, in desperation.

Dan walked over and looked in the wagon, and the children began to cry piteously.

John told them in broken, jagged sentences of Susan's death alone on the wind swept plains with no woman near to care for her. "I could not leave her there," he finished despairingly. "You'll help me won't you?" he said, feeling the human nearness of the men now.

"Pardner—John—don't ye know us—Dan and Bill?" The boys had both known and loved John and Susan and the babies.

"Yes, o' course we'll help ye. Here Bill, tie our ponies to the horses, and get up there with John. I'll take keer o' the little ones." Dan took the wailing children in his arms, first reaching over tenderly to cover the pallid face from which the sheet had slipped.

Bill drove the silent miles to the town on the railroad, not very far now. The women there who had sounded the deep waters of life on the prairies, took Susan's children to their hearts and tenderly cared for them in a friendly home. Dan stayed with the children, fearing they would be lonely if they awakened, sitting patiently outside the window where they slept. Bill went down the street on a painful,

unusual errand, and coming back in the twilight found the broken wreck of a man huddled on a bench in the yard. He put out his brown hand awkwardly as though grasping for something, and big cold drops came out on his face.

"Pardner, there ain't no new lumber in town. Shall we make the coffin out of old lumber?"

"Yes," answered John, in a dreary, uneven voice.

PAWNEE ROCK

By Amanda T. Jones

Blow gentle wind! The valiant sleep:
  Across each tawny breast,
A million centuries will creep,
  And none disturb their rest.
No arm will speed the arrow home,
  No fear the breath will stay;
But lightly, on the turf, will roam
  The happy babes at play.

Blow Winter wind!—make white plain
  Where Murder stalked of old!
O cover well each crimson stain,
  Lest Innocence behold!
But they who wandered, wander yet—
  Free as the bird that flies:
For them, whatever sun may set,
  A grander sun shall rise.

Blow Summer wind! No sobbing breath
  No funeral dirge be ours:
Here Life and Love and blessed Death,
  Shall be content with flowers.
Strong Rock, of thee it shall be said,
  While ages come and go,
"See Freedom's banner over head,
  And beauteous Peace below."

Blow jubilant wind! While mortals throng,
  Here shall the Rock remain,
A brooding-place for birds of song,
  God's Altar on the plain.
Here none his neighbor shall offend:
  Here passing to and fro,
Swift souls will climb and souls descend;
  O, lift the eyes and know!

MR. TWO FACE'S STRATAGEM

By W. Y. Morgan

MANY years ago, before the buffalo had disappeared from the prairie; before the Santa Fe engine had brought car loads of emigrants, agricultural implements and reform politicians to mar the scene of original innocence; before the days of homesteads, primaries and drug stores, there dwelt in the peaceful valley of the White Woman a band of Pawnee Indians. The reason this valley is given as their home is that they were never there, for like some civilized successors, they were great on the gad, and roamed from one good hunting place to another, stopping occasionally in their wild nomadic life to enter a trading post where they could refine the savage nature by contact with civilization and the consumption of bad liquor.

The chief of the Pawnee band was known to his followers as Two Face. Some authorities declare this name was given him on account of his power to quickly change the expression of his countenance; while others say it was because whenever he had a political job to give out, he always promised it to at least two men—a custom which still obtains in some parts of the short grass country.

Two Face and Mrs. Two Face, for she was present, had a daughter who grew to young womanhood the pet of the tepee and the pride of the tribe. The story of her beauty went out among the Red Men from the Smoky Hill to the Arkansas and from the Ninnescah to the Cimarron. Her raven black hair streamed over her copper shoulders and down to the gown which was decollete to the waist. Her complexion was vermilion striped with blue on week days, and yellow on Sundays and legal holidays. She stood four feet two inches in her stocking feet, although she did not wear stockings or harness. Her form was of the Indian fairy style, rounded some at the four corners and stooped over in the middle. Her laughing eyes twinkled like stars on a summer evening, one twinkling up and the other twinkling down, making an appearance which the white people call "cross eyed" but which among the Pawnees was esteemed a realistic razzle dazzle. A simple skirt made of flour sacks marked the introduction of civilized customs, and

with a pair of moccasins and a ring through the nose, completed her modest attire.

The time came for the chieftain's daughter to have a husband, and Two Face was brought face to face with a hard problem. During the daughter's girlhood, he had promised her hand in marriage to any buck Indian who would set 'em up; and his tepee was threatened by a mob of angry suitors demanding the redemption of the promise. Two Face was a wise guy, and after getting the attention of the warriors, he explained that he could not deliver the goods, as the girl's heart was set on bringing the biggest price that was ever paid for a squaw west of Cow Creek; and he further added that the Indian who bid the highest should get the girl and should in turn open a keg of nails just received from Fort Zarah; every man to furnish his own tin cup.

The outfit moved to Pawnee Rock where the ceremony could be performed at the highest noon in that part of the territory.

The first bid for the maid was six ponies, a high price, but it did not stand. First one chief would raise the price and then another until all were out except two—a brave young buck from the Walnut and a wrinkled but rich relic from the Medicine. It was plain that the maid loved the younger; but she also yearned for the honor of bringing a big price. So she smiled out of one eye at one, and out of the other eye at the other,—a feat few can do because they are not built that way.

The young lover reached his limit, and his voice trembled as he bid all he had—one hundred ponies branded on the right hind foot. The old scoundrel hesitated. He knew the girl loved the young fellow, and that their marriage would be best. Then he looked at the girl and she winked at him. "One hundred ponies and a yellow dog," he shouted at the hilarious Two Face who promptly said, "Going, going, got her."

Tradition says that the old chief and his young bride lived as happily as could be expected; and that he licked her often enough to show her her sphere. But among the Pawnees came the saying about any young woman who was making herself gay or dressing in style with bustle and puffs so as to bring a big price, that she was "putting on dog."

SANTA FE TRAIL—NORTHERN BRANCH

By GEORGE W. MARTIN

MANY statements have been made that the Santa Fe Trail did not run on the North side of the Arkansas river above the Cimarron Crossing. From the best of authorities I have quoted to prove the fallacy of such assertions, that together they will become a matter of history.

"When expeditions first began to be made from Missouri to Santa Fe, they ascended the Arkansas to the vicinity of where La Junta, Colorado now stands, and then turning south went first to Taos and then to Santa Fe. Even after the shorter trail was established across the desert, the route by the upper Arkansas continued to be used; for there was always a large amount of trade from that section. Bent's Fort was the great stopping place on this branch of the Trail."—Hiram M. Chittenden, American Fur Trade, vol. 2, p. 532.

William Becknell was the first trader to cross the Arkansas to the Cimarron river, and thence up that stream to Santa Fe. This he did in the year 1822, with three wagons.—Chittenden, vol. 2, p. 501, 504.

"On the 23rd (of October, 1846,) we came to the 'Cimarone' crossing of the Arkansas river—the shortest of the two routes to Santa Fe, which here diverge—one over the sand desert, void of water; and in the severe **jornadas**, the oxen often drop with thirst—the other following the river bank to Bent's Fort, crosses a spur of the Rocky Mountains—a longer, but safer and easier road."—Lewis H. Garrard. Wah-to-yah, and the Taos Trail, p. 29.

Josiah Gregg, in his "Commerce of the Prairies," published in 1845, tells of a trip made by him in 1831 to Santa Fe. He struck the Arkansas at the Great Bend, and on account of the June rise which threatened, crossed that stream at some point below the Caches, and continued on up the river at least as far west as the Caches, which were situated on the north side, about five miles west of the present Dodge City. Here I quote from his journal:

"Our route has already led us up the course of the Arkansas river for over a hundred miles, (to the Caches) yet the earlier caravans often passed from fifty to a hundred miles further up before crossing the river; (probably Hartland;) therefore nothing like a regular ford had ever been established. Nor was there a road, not even a trail, anywhere across the famous plain, (in 1831) extending between the Arkansas and Cimarron rivers, a distance of over fifty miles." V. 1, p. 70.

Gregg made several round trips to Santa Fe over the Trail, and I here quote from his account of a return journey from Santa Fe made in the spring of 1853, to show how the way was made plain across to the Cimarron:

"On our passage this time across the "prairie ocean" which lay before us, we ran no risk of getting bewildered or lost, for there was now a plain wagon trail across the entire stretch of our route, from the Cimarron to the Arkansas river.

"This track which has since remained permanent, was made in the year 1834. Owing to continuous rain during the passage of the caravans of that year, a plain trail was then cut in the softened turf on the most direct route across this arid desert, leaving the Arkansas about twenty miles above the Caches. This has ever since been the regular route of the caravans." (Vol. 1, p. 311.)

Returning to that branch of the trail running north of the Arkansas river, I quote also from Chittenden's "History of the American Fur Trade," vol. 2, p. 543: "The principal point on the mountain branch of the Santa Fe trail, was Bent's Fort, 530 miles (west of Fort Osage, Mo.) (or about 80 miles beyond the west line of Kansas, or near La Junta, Col.) This was in every respect one of the most important situations in the west. It was the great cross roads station of the southwest. The north and south route between the Platte river country and Santa Fe, and the east and west route up the Arkansas and into the mountains found this their most natural trading point.

"This branch of the Trail crossed the river very nearly where La Junta now stands, and thence ran south, crossing Raton Pass, and

joined the main trail at Santa Clara Spring near Mora river. The mountain branch of the Santa Fe Trail has been closely followed by the Santa Fe Route of the present day."

In regard to the various places where the Trail crossed the Arkansas in Kansas, Chittenden writes as follows:

"**The Ford of the Arkansas,** 392 miles. This was the regular crossing after 1829, and was known as the Cimarron crossing. Its location is twenty miles above Dodge City.

"There was another, or **Lower Crossing,** seventeen miles below Dodge City. It was near the mouth of Mulberry Creek at the extreme point of the large southern bend of the river.

"The **Upper Ford** of the Arkansas, which was in use as late as 1829, was located at **Chouteau Island,** just above where the town of Hartland, Kansas now stands." (Chittenden, v. 2, p. 539-540.)

Col. A. W. Doniphan's command of two regiments of Missouri Volunteers for the Mexican War, followed the trail along the north side of the river to Bent's Fort, about 80 miles west of the Kansas state line. On the 2nd day of July, 1846, the command started from Fort Leavenworth. On page 171 of Mr. Conelley's book, Col. John T. Hughes, the historian of the expedition says: "Early on the morning of the 21st, we continued our march, winding along the north margin of the river, leaving the main Santa Fe road by the Cimarron at the crossing." On the 29th they crossed the Arkansas eight miles below Bent's Fort and camped in Mexican territory, Page 181, he says: "August 1st we moved up the river and encamped near Fort Bent."

Page 635, Mr. Connelley says: "From Great Bend to Santa Fe the old trail was followed almost exactly by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad."

THE LAST BUFFALO HUNT NEAR PAWNEE ROCK

By H. A. Bower

IN February, 1874, I was employed in the blacksmith shop at Fort Larned. The driver of the mail from Larned station to the Fort, while waiting for repairs to his outfit, remarked that it would be a cold night, and was wishing for a robe off of one of the buffalo the train crew on the Santa Fe west-bound train had seen that afternoon a few miles west of Pawnee Rock.

The river being frozen, I knew they could not cross to the North side, and would be found somewhat south of the Rock. At this time a herd of any size was seldom seen east of Cimraron Crossing west of Fort Dodge; so I determined to have one more hunt for the big game. I interested three friends in Co. "C" 5th Infty. which was part of the garrison of the Fort. Their Captain secured their leave of absence for ten days. We were fitted out with a good team of six mules for a ten days trip.

The next day was frightfully cold, but as this might be our last chance to get into a herd of any size, we got away about three in the afternoon, and made good time down the trail to Pawnee Rock. We camped in a sheltered spot near the railroad just west of the Rock. After supper, sitting around a roaring fire of railroad ties, we laid our plans for the next day. We concluded to go several miles below the Rock and leave the team, and three of us go across the river and see if we could strike the trail of the herd. Being old plainsmen, we sat around the fire until late, talking and listening to stories of frontier life, of scenes and incidents connected with the Santa Fe Trail and Pawnee Rock.

The next morning there was a great change in the weather. The sun came up clear and bright, and I saw if we found our game we must do so soon or change our plans. After breakfast, three of us, Meyers, Kreher and myself, crossed the river, Kinsler and the teamster going several miles down the river with the team. Provided with plenty of ammunition and a fine field glass we crossed the river and went in a

south-east direction for about two hours, finding no signs of them, and we could see miles to the south and east. We concluded to return and get our camp further south as I was sure they had fed off to the south or west. Getting back to the river near noon, I saw we could not cross, as the ice was breaking up. Not to be beaten out of our chance for sport, we went to the Bend to cross the river on a bridge. We crossed before sundown, and going southwest five or six miles camped for the night.

The next morning we were off early, leaving the hungry coyotes to clean up camp;—their number made me feel sure there was game in the country, as they always followed the buffalo herds. A heavy fog had settled over the country. As we had a long way to go to find our game, we made the best time possible up Rattlesnake Creek until about ten o'clock, when we began to circle to the North-west. We knew we were nearly south of the Rock, and by keeping a little to the West we expected to find some trace of the herd. About twelve o'clock the fog lifted and we saw old signs of the buffalo. Kreher and myself were a half mile ahead of the team, Meyer and Kinsler a little to the west; the hills to the north showing we were near the Arkansas. We were on the lookout and from the top of a low ridge we saw a pretty stretch of level plain a mile or more wide and, joy of the trip, just coming out of the hills from towards the Rock, we saw a splendid bunch of about fifty buffalo.

In a moment we were out of sight. I attracted the attention of Meyer and Kinsler and signalled the team to stop. In a few moments our plans were made. Kreher and myself should crawl as far into the valley as possible. We were enabled to do this by a ring of tall grass growing around a large buffalo wallow into which we got; and as they were feeding along nicely, we did not have long to wait. The herd kept close together with a fine three-year-old cow in the lead. They came into range about sixty yards east of us. I fired my first shot at the side of her head. She stood still, but the rest broke into two bunches, fourteen going east and the rest south-west. Meyers, who was a short distance west of us, called to me and we started on the

run after the bunch going east, firing as we ran until we had them all down but one cow and her calf. We got the cow near the top of the ridge east of the Valley. The calf seemed to be charmed, for we sat down on the short grass and fired several shots at it, but it disappeared over the ridge. Turning we saw our work:—fourteen dead buffalo in sight. Returning to the wagon, all hands got to work and we soon had our team loaded all they could haul, and started the team eastward towards the Bend. Meyer and myself walked north to the highest sand hill and stood in full view of Pawnee Rock a few miles to the northwest, while away to the west we could see with the glass the last of our game drifting off towards Medicine Lodge Creek.

The next day at noon we ate our last buffalo steak in the shadow of Pawnee Rock. After dinner we all clambered up to the scarred summit, noting the names of hundreds of men whose lives are part of the history of the great trail that passes under what was at that time the most noted landmark of the western plains—Pawnee Rock.

THE MARKING OF THE SANTA FE TRAIL

By Grace Meeker

EVERYBODY in Kansas who had any interest in its early history had heard of the Santa Fe Trail before 1905. Since that date, all Kansans not only know of the Trail, but also where it runs; and that its length is marked at intervals by handsome granite boulders.

The story of its marking really begins about 1903. At the fourth annual Conference of the Kansas Daughters of the American Revolution, held that year in Ottawa, Mrs. Fannie Geiger Thompson, then State Regent, presented the project as one very well worthy the attention of the Daughters. Mrs. William E. Stanley, who succeeded Mrs. Thompson as State Regent, took up the matter with enthusiasm; and it is to her untiring efforts that the successful completion of the marking is largely due.

With only four chapters to begin the work, it seems surprising that the Daughters had the courage to make the attempt. It would not have been possible without the hearty co-operation of the State Historical Society. The Historical Society, with the assistance of Honorable Victor Murdock, who found the original in the War Department in Washington, had a copy made of the map of the Government surveys of 1827 and 1856, together with the field notes. Committees were appointed from both societies, and an appropriation of one thousand dollars asked for from the legislature of 1905. A bill setting aside this sum was passed.

Wishing to emphasize the educational value of the Trail marking as well as interest the whole people of Kansas, the Daughters prepared a program for the schools. With the kindly aid of the state, county and district officers, "Kansas Day" became "Trail Day" in 1906, and a penny collection was taken. Some very excellent essays were written for prizes, the topics being "The Santa Fe Trail" or Kansas history of the writers choosing. The Lawrence schools won the flag offered to the city schools making the largest contribution to the fund. By this

collection, $584.40 was added to the fund, making the total $1584.40.

A red granite from Oklahoma was decided upon, to be appropriately lettered. A contract was made with Mr. C. W. Guild of Topeka, to furnish the markers at sixteen dollars each. His work proved very satisfactory. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company agreed to carry the stones to all points along its lines—a donation much appreciated.

Great enthusiasm was found in all the counties along the Trail. So generously did the officers and citizens co-operate in the work of setting the stones, that the money sufficed to place eighty-nine markers. In Secretary Martin's printed report of the thirty-second annual meeting of the State Historical Society will be found a detailed account of the distribution of the boulders and the exact spot in which each stands. By this report, it will be found that one more marker was paid and receipted for than the records of the office show—a puzzle not yet solved. However, no one finds cause for anxiety in so advantageous a mistake.

Besides the boulders paid for by this general fund, seven special ones have been purchased. Four of these contain the handsome bronze plate designed by Mrs. M. M. Miles of Kansas City. These tell the story of the Trail so plainly and so beautifully, that it is hoped more special markers containing them will be used.

Sterling chapter of the D. A. R. was first to set a marker on the Trail. It stands between Lyons and Sterling.

Topeka chapter placed at Burlingame a memorial stone in memory of Mrs. Fannie Geiger Thompson.

Lawrence and Ottawa chapters combined in putting a special marker, with one of the bronze tablets inserted, near Baldwin where it faces a bit of the Trail still in use.

Wichita chapter has a stone ready for placing. This also will have the bronze story of the wagon train.

Johnson county, beside setting five stones furnished from the fund, erected two fine monuments containing the bronze tablet—one in the city square at Olathe and one in Gardner. Also at Lone Elm—

a place of special interest because there the trails from Independence and Westport joined,—a foundation stone with inscription was added to the stone furnished.

Under the Council Oak at Council Grove, a large marker was erected, the price of three usual markers being used. In this stone was placed a box containing historical material.

On the site of Fort Zarah in Barton county, the money collected by the school children was applied to the setting of a cannon on a pedestal seven feet high.

At the setting of all these special monuments, appropriate ceremonies were held, and, in many cases, the smaller boulders were set with fitting celebration. A careful record has been made of the names of schools donating to the fund, and of the men who gave time and money to set the stones; yet there are many who helped, whose names are not recorded, to whom the people of Kansas, represented by the two societies are none the less grateful.

The interest taken in the marking of the Trail has been wonderful and the Daughters of the American Revolution congratulate themselves that they undertook the work before it was too late. There were those still living who travelled and lived beside the Trail, and could be sure the stones were rightly placed. Many are near the line of the Santa Fe Railway, and travellers can see from the windows red granite boulders of irregular shape bearing upon a smoothed face the inscription:—"Santa Fe Trail 1822-1872. Marked by the Daughters of the American Revolution and the State of Kansas, 1906."

A stone was placed in Pawnee Rock, Barton county, but the historic old landmark, Pawnee Rock required more than a mere marker. The Daughters were glad to join the Woman's Kansas Day Club and other womens' organizations in the splendid work of its preservation.

THE SIMPLE LIFE IN A DUGOUT

By Adolph Roenigk

IN writing of our frontier experiences, we scarcely mention the women, which sounds like the big "I" and little "You." The fact is, they did their share.

In character, they were the same as the men. While there were some bad women about those frontier towns, there were many excellent wives who shared with their husbands the hardships of a life on the plains in order that they might build homes for themselves.

Most every station along the line of railroad had a woman who boarded the men. These women endured all kinds of inconvenience and privation. To the west of our station, the nearest woman was ten miles distant; to the east, seventeen miles. They did not know each other; never met. There were no neighbors north and south. For months, some times years, they saw no face of their own sex—only faces of men. In that respect, it was much harder for them than for us. At times they had to endure things that women of today would not consider for a moment. Thank God for these women! The country needed them.

At the Fossil Creek station, we had a good woman, Mrs. John Cook, wife of the station keeper. Although she had only a common school education, she was naturally very intelligent. She was twenty-four and her husband thirty-five; they had a boy four years old. Mrs. Cook was nice appearing, kind hearted, of the best disposition and a model housekeeper. The way she knew how to cook buffalo steak—I remember it yet! We used only the hind quarters of the buffalo which were so numerous that often the meat was not half used up until we had fresh again.

Many of the men were of a roving disposition—always some going and coming. I was the only one admitted to the family circle. We read no papers and knew nothing of what was going on back East, but there was no end of topics to talk about when I visited them in their dugout evenings.

This dugout was perhaps four feet under ground and two feet above; fifteen feet wide by twenty-six feet long. A row of square sawed railroad ties for uprights, extended through the center of the room and supported the ridgepole— a bridge timber. The rafters were ordinary railroad ties placed close together, and the whole covered with dirt deep enough to let no rain through. On the east, south and west was a small window; a larger one and a door faced the north. From the outside, save for the small windows, it looked like a mound of dirt. The other three dugouts (the men's quarters) were of a more temporary kind, but Cook's home was one of the solid structures of the day; and I can yet remember with what pride he pointed out to me its excellencies when I first landed at the station.

In Saint Louis, I had learned to play the German Zither, and having plenty of leisure, I sent for my instrument and used to play it of evenings for the family.

These people were good providers. An unoccupied dugout was fixed up for the reception of a lot of chickens which Cook went East to procure. They were principally fed on buffalo meat, and how they did lay! We had fresh eggs on our table all winter.

On May 1869, the Indians attacked us while we were working on the railroad, some distance from the station, Two of our men were killed and four wounded. I myself was so severely shot through the lungs that spurts of blood came from my mouth and nose. We hurried to Cook's dugout. All was hustle and excitement. The table, heaped with ammunition, was placed in the center of the room; the guns were made ready for the expected attack. We six men had four repeating and seven breech-loading rifles, besides revolvers, and could have kept at bay any number of Indians. They were hovering around the station, but knew better than to come within rifle range. I stood at the little west window, rifle in hand, wishing for the Indians to come. I had a feeling of revenge.

While waiting, I stripped my shirt over my head to examine my wound. A bullet hole was in the center of my breast. Mrs. Cook happened to see it, and with tears streaming down her face, sympathized

with me, She thought I was going to die, and for the first few hours after being shot, I had no idea of getting well again. I judged myself by those poor buffalo whom we shot through the lungs.

The other wounded men were lying on the floor, subject to call should we be attacked. I also lay down and said my prayers. I was raised a Lutheran.

For two days, we four railroad men lay in this woman's single appartment, which was her parlor, her dining room and her boudoir. Meanwhile, the train which had been wrecked by Indians, was being put on the track by a wrecking crew.

The next morning, a kind-hearted passenger of the wrecked train, helped me wash my bloody face, and gave me an arrow from the body of one of the dead men. In 1877, I sent it to the State Historical Society where I saw it a few years ago.

The same train which bore us to the hospital at Fort Harker, carried the Cook family and their household goods to Salina.

When the soldiers were ordered there, as to all other stations along the line, the Cooks returned to abandoned Fossil Creek.

It required some courage for that woman, having gone through this experience, to try again. But there was a certain fascination about that kind of life—that simple life, after one had a taste of it.

The railroad gave me an easy job in the eastern part of the state, but in the fall when I thought of the antelope and the buffalo and the great sport we had—I too returned to the station. Again I visited the Cook family in their dugout; once more we were together as if nothing had happened; again I played the zither for them.

A MOTHER OF PIONEERS

By Amanda T. Jones

PRELUDE

"The White Brother"

A LAD, waking out of tranquil sleep, saw a tall gentleman, standing near, who looked at him very pleasantly.

"Are you another doctor?" he inquired.

"You are no longer in need of a doctor," the gentleman answered. "I am Brother Deangelis."

The lad laughed with delight. "I believe you are right. I do not feel sick in the least. How glad mama will be!" He sat up and looked about eagerly. "Mama," he called.

"She does not hear you," said the other. But she fully understands that you are well. Can you not be contented without her for a time?"

"Oh, if she is resting, she must not be disturbed. Poor mama! I have been very troublesome to her lately. Are you a friend of hers, Mr. Deangelis?"

"Brother Deangelis," corrected the gentleman. "Yes, I am an old friend. But she knew me by another name. This one was given me when I joined the Order—the Brotherhood."

"An Order? Is it anything like the Knights Hospitallers? I have read about them. They took care of the sick and wounded in the time of the Crusades—ever so long ago; and they wore black robes with white crosses stitched on them. But your robe is altogether white, Brother Deangelis. That is a curious name. It sounds like Latin. I have studied Latin two terms. De-an-gel-is; it must mean from the angels."

"You translate well. It would please me to superintend your studies. In fact my order is called the Brotherhood of Instruction. Will you come with me to our school?"

"Oh, thank you! But I must consult mama."

"If she were here, you should. But I have a certain right of guardianship conferred by her, and I know that she would quite approve. Still I do not insist; I only invite."

"I will go with you most gladly, only if we are to walk, I may be a hindrance. I cannot keep step with a man as tall as you. I

might run, but people who have been so sick as I have been, are usually weak; though I do not feel so in the least."

"I am strong as well as tall," said the White Brother. With that, he lifted Harry lightly and carried him out into the sunshine. There was a soft breeze playing and the June verdure was fresh with rain.

"I never saw so many flowers blooming at one time," said the lad. "When I drive the cows in from the prairie toward night, I pick the prettiest I see for mama who is very fond of wild flowers. I suppose no one has thought of doing that while I have been in bed. How beautiful the butterfly-weed is at this season."

"Very beautiful. Have you studied botany?"

"Just a little with mama. But that was in the East; these prairie flowers are not like those at home. I only know a few of them by name—such as mama has analyzed. May I ask you to stand still a moment? There must be something wrong about my eyes. All these plants look double. The sunlight shines on them but another kind of light seems to be shining in them. I should think they give out flames, if that were possible. There are real butterfly-weeds, and make-believe ones; but the make-believes are far more wonderful. I never heard of flowers made out of fire, living inside of real ones. I shall pick some for mama when we return."

"Your vision is clearer than it was, Harry. You have seen only the earthly part of plants heretofore—their bodies. Now you also see their souls."

"But I thought only human beings had souls."

"Observe this honey–locust," said Brother Deangelis. "See what a soft illumination pervades the tree through all its roots and branches; you can even see the deepest root, though there is no sunshine under ground to see by. That is the soul-tree, and it cannot be destroyed. If any woody bough gets broken off or blighted. its light is not put out, but keeps the soul-shape still."

"Forever?"

"I think so; though to actually know it, I too must live forever. We are taught that outer forms exist only a little time, but inner forms or soul-forms are not subject to decay."

"But suppose the woody tree stops growing, or is struck by lightning and killed, will the flame-tree live and keep on growing?"

"Oh, yes! For the flame itself is matter of a finer kind. It will

go on building itself larger out of particles of light. If you and I could see it a million years from now, it would be resplendent."

"That means very exceedingly bright." mused Harry. "And will that same thrush be singing on the top branch that is singing now—I mean the soul of that same thrush?"

"It may be. That will be for him to choose. Trees are rooted, but birds may come and go."

"This tree makes me think of the burning bush that Moses saw. But that was God," the boy added in a whisper.

"And what is this?"

"Why, I suppose that God is everywhere," said Harry softly, looking back, as the White Brother walked along. "How I would love to see that honey-locust all in bloom, a million years from now. But that can never be."

"Why not?"

"Because we have to die." But now the boy turned and looked into the deep eyes of Brother Deangelis. "I think I know what you mean. If the earthly form of me were to die, the soul of me might find the tree again, just as the soul of the thrush may find it. If that is what dying means, nobody need be sorry."

Presently the lad began to tremble. Then he hid his face in the White Brother's breast. "Tell me "he whispered, is "mama very sorry?"

"Very! but it comforts her to know that you are with me."

"How can she know?"

"She knows because she loves."

But now Brother Deangelis went on very swiftly. Harry clinging to him, not once looking up, did not realize that; but after some time, when his eyes were no longer wet, he raised his head and looked over his bearer's shoulder.

"I never saw such lovely places," he murmured. "I did not know the world was half so [illegible]tiful. No wonder people love to travel."

"I must tell you" replied his friend, "that we have left the earth. Look back and tell me what [illegible]."

"I must be very brave," [illegible] Harry. "Brother Deangelis would not wish me to be [illegible]."

"I see a great globe" he s[illegible] [illegible] half the sky. If that is

the earth, of course it whirls very fast. How could we see anything that is on it, unless we should go around with it? But I do see oceans and lands. I know their names too, for I have drawn maps of them."

"You have learned some Philosophy, Harry, as well as Botany and Geography. Yes, we are still within the earth's outer circle, though we seem a good way off. But souls have very clear, quick eyes and see more in the millionth part of a second, than we could see when we looked through earthly eyes. Can you not discern your old home even now, in spite of the whirling?"

"Yes! yes! and there is the honey-locust. How it shines! How everything shines! I see it is just the same with other things as with flowers and birds. The earth's outside form is what we see by sunshine, but its inside form, the real world, shines of itself. Why, even the whole earth has a soul it seems!"

"Nothing exists, Harry, without some sort of a soul. Yours is a greater soul,—a living, thinking, loving one. That of the world we are leaving, is a sort of electric soul. But it does much more than to shine. It keeps life in everything that grows on it. It kept life in your growing body, till that long fever wasted your physical particles. But now, being a soul yourself, you will keep on growing—gathering particles of light. A million years from now you will be resplendent, I imagine."

"Brother Deangelis, people used to say—ministers often said it—that the earth will some time burn up. Now what harm would that be? The soul of it would be left and the souls of all the people and of all growing things. Would the soul-trees bear fruit?"

"Yes, Harry; for the healing of the nations."

"I remember the Bible says, twelve manner of fruits, twelve months in the year. And there will be souls of birds flying around and singing. Perhaps the souls of animals live too."

"Certainly."

"What!—lions? But they kill!"

"What could they kill?"

"Oh, nothing, surely! They would just have to be good.
Maybe they always wanted to be, only they were obliged to eat."

"Like men."

"Ye-es.—why, of course! Men kill animals and eat them. I would rather think about other things, Brother Deangelis. We are a long way from earth now. How fast we have travelled. But I see

the soul of the earth, shining out of its bright body—a great deal brighter though than the body. It is already resplendent. How clearly we see it through empty space!"

"Is the space empty, Harry?"

"It seemed so while I was looking across at the earth. Now I look close by, things are coming into sight again. I said I saw lovely places, but then I thought we were yet on earth. Here are hills and valleys and forests and waterfalls. Empty?.–How could I have looked through and not have seen all this? And there are steeples showing among the trees, and villages and palaces off by themselves. Do rich people live in the great houses and poor people in the small ones?"

"There are no poor and no rich in the sense you mean. In another sense there are, for great thoughts make folks rich, and here they think out for themselves the houses they wish to live in."

"Brother Deangelis, how mama would love to see all these flowers! It seems that all the kinds I ever knew are growing here, as though the time of year could make no difference. There is the pink laurel on that hill. I used to climb the hills for that in Massachusetts; and here are sensitive roses—they are Western. Mama delighted in them! O, look! There is a picnic I think! Men and women sitting under trees and girls and boys at play! There is a boy tossing a ball. He sees me and he laughs. It is most strange to see all this where I always supposed there was nothing at all. Are there any empty spaces?"

"No Harry! There is always something to see, if only the eyes are clear."

"How soft the light is! Like morning before the sun rises. Does the sun ever rise over these places? They all seem to shine of themselves. How swiftly you walk Brother Deangelis!"

"Look up, Harry!"

The lad, lifted his eyes. A high, green tableland interposed between him and the lower horizon. Upon this tableland was a temple so vast that it might well contain all the people who ever lived, or ever will live, on earth; for it stretched away to the North and to the South, and never any end so far as the eye could see. It hid the rising sun, for Harry and the White Brother stood on its Western side. There was certainly a sun behind it, for its walls were translucent and the light came through. Now those walls were of many-colored stones—chrysoberyl, chalcedony, jasper and jancith; so that the light cast

their wonderful, soft colors all along the greensward and through innumerable showering fountains.

But Harry, looking to see the light thereof, wondered at the tops of its battlements and bastions, its sapphire domes and innumerable pinnacles—all seeming to be set on fire by the blazing Eastern sun, so that streamers of light went out from them into the far-off skies. "They stream so far away" thought Harry, "that if mama would only look up she might see!"

Then Harry turned and looked again into the tender eyes of Brother Deangelis; and therein, at last, he saw something more marvellous to him than all beside.

"O, papa." he cried aloud. And the White Brother laughed and kissed him on both cheeks.

Now those that had passed through that temple to farther countries were in number as many as the waves of the sea; and those who remained therein, or returned again at their will, were countless as the sands of the shore. And yet, when another was brought in just then, to be sweetly cherished and instructed after their manner, there was room and to spare. Moreover I do not believe that any one of them all had ever so much as thought of shutting the door.

POSTLUDE

"The White Sister"

FIFTY-TWO years ago there came to old Fort Leavenworth, a Massachusetts family—pioneers from vigorous impulse, rather than from poverty. Numbering them: There was a mother; there were seven sons, three daughters, also three sons' wives and little children. All of these started with several wagons, very well equipped, and took the trail toward Santa Fe, but turned aside in central Kansas. There they found a river and a fertile land, where cool ravines and spreading prairies promised homes for all there were and all there might be—should the tribe increase.

The father, greatly loved, had started on his travels nine years earlier, when the youngest boy was but a twelvemonth old. Some said he had not gone away at all but just went out,—as though he had been a lighted lamp in need of oil. I only know that he made ready, called his eldest son and said to him: "When I am gone, stay always with your mother." So Richard stayed, and all the rest had stayed till

she, herself, said: "Children, there is nothing here to keep me but a graveyard. Come, let's go abroad! You must have room to grow in. I am young enough to bear transplanting—only forty-eight! And here is Harry, only ten, but weakly—much in need of change."

So here they were in this perturbed bright Kansas, not afraid and not unhappy, only hard at work; till after two years Harry died—that is they said he died. In those days people talked of dying just as though it could be done; and even yet some people talk about the "Dead." It seems to make them happy to be miserable.

Now Harry went away in June. Since then the earth had rolled just fifty years around the sun, when this that I must tell you came about,—not half a year ago. Whatever may have happened since—cyclones or railroad accidents, or mine-disasters, (little things like those!) this is what happened then:

"Mother" had a birthday; From 1808 to 1908, she had counted up her years, then sighed at last and said: "Today I am a hundred. I can count if I am rather old."

Every year on mother's birthday, which had also been her wedding day, there had been many presents—some of them from far away. Nine children lived and none of them forgot. Richard, the oldest "boy" was not so very old—seventy or thereabouts. He had always lived with "mother" The rest had left the homestead by the honey-locust, long ago. Three of the boys had joined the army;—all had brought away a wound or two and had felt the better for it all their lives. Sooner or later every boy and girl had been to college and knew a little more because of that, and other boys and girls belonging to the tribe in general, had learned to parse in Greek, or Latin anyhow.

This year of all the years, the absent ones came home, to greet each other—and to consecrate with love that birthday morning—"mother's jubilee."

They had all come overnight, from California, from Washington, from South America, and other places near or far—even from Hindostan, one being a missionary. They had slept in the North Chamber, in the South Chamber, in the roomy attic, in several wing-bedrooms, on the porches, in the cubby holes. They had swung in hammocks under the orchard-trees, they had cramped themselves on cots, cuddled down in cribs, climbed up to hay-lofts, slept in rocking-chairs!

Wives with their husbands, husbands with their wives, and children's children with their wives and husbands, together with the little

fry—all being counted up next morning, made an even hundred. So everybody laughed.

At noon was feasting-time. Tables were set around the locust-tree and under it was mother's chair. There was a canvas roof to save them from the sun and keep the flowers from wilting;—"Mother is fond of flowers," they said,—and put a hundred on her tray. Her great-grand-daughter had dressed her all in white,—warm, soft, white flannel, because if some chance breeze should blow she had a way of shivering: "Its blustering weather yet." And there were costly laces round her throat and wrists, partly to hide the wrinkles, but more to make her think of that white wedding-day seventy-five years before—for she had worn those very laces then and they became her yet. And one had pinned a rose on her breast; and all had said, "How very young she looks."

And when she had risen up and let them help her down the steps, she put them all aside, and walked alone. So many of them said "How very young she is."

The tables had been set for just a hundred; and all the seats were filled. About the middle of the feast two gentlemen appeared. There were no seats for them. In fact nobody noticed them, although they stood by mother's chair and listened to the talk with smiling faces. They even laid their hands upon the mother; but she never turned her head. If she had turned, she would have seen them probably, for she had got her second sight, and saw quite well the roses on her tray.

After the feast, they loitered at the table, for mother, who seldom spoke of late, begun to talk and all the little ones were told to hush, though only those near by could hear a word she said.

"Fifty-two years ago we came to Kansas. I wish your father could have come with us. I've had to live without him since I was forty-three. You think that I am getting old, but I remember just as well as anybody. I've always tried to be contented here, but Harry died just fifty years ago and I've been lonesome ever since."

One of her daughters spoke up loud and said: "You had nine children left, mama, and they are all alive and with you here today. And there are ninety-one besides who all belong to you. Surely you never lacked for company."

"Oh, you are all good children—all that's left of you! But Harry looked most like his father. It almost broke my heart to have him die. I'm not complaining though. You are all good children as you

ought to be with such a father. Still I missed our Massachusetts neighbors. My folks were much respected. We had good society and I had many friends, I suppose the most of them are dead."

"But we had many neighbors here," another shouted; people came and settled all around us."

"So they did; they were good neighbors too. Still you must think I'm lonely. Father and mother died before we came; there was a big family—fourteen children. I was one of the youngest. I have not heard from them for many years. They may be dead for all I know. I thought a great deal of my grand-parents—no doubt they are dead though we are a long lived people. So far as I can tell, I haven't even an uncle or an aunt."

Some of the young folks smiled; and one who was only six whispered: "Isn't my great-great grandma rather queer?"

The two tall gentlemen who stood behind her chair smiled also; but the tears ran down their faces. And one of them, who looked, like Harry all grown up, said softly: (no one heard him but the other!) "I think mama's been old quite long enough,"

And the White Brother answered: "That is why we came. All the White Sisters of the Temple wait and watch for her. The doors are always open."

Now when the mother, being tired, stopped her talking, two of her younger sons took up her cushioned chair and carried her into the parlor. Then they kissed her and went out and shut the door. But those white gentlemen whom no one saw, had followed after. They remained within.

After an hour or so had passed, some who must go away, went in to say "good-bye" and there was her white raiment lying in the chair, but she, herself, was nowhere to be found.

KANSAS

By Laura Alton Payne

PAST

An endless stretch of arid plain,
  A scorching sky;
A vastness that benumbs the brain
  And mocks the eye;
A loneliness the soul doth chain
  Where bleached bones lie;
A silence pierced with wild refrain
  Of coyote's cry.

PRESENT

An endless stretch of golden grain,
  A smiling sky;
Cool groves that stud an emerald plain
  Delight the eye;
Here sheltered school and humble fane
  And fair homes lie,
And echo to the sweet refrain
  Of childhood's cry.

SOME REMINISCENCES

By Gov. W. E. Hoch

IN the spring of 1872, to be exact on the 21st day of April of that year, fourteen young men from Kentucky set foot for the first time upon Kansas soil, in the little town of Russell. They stayed all night there, loaded their trunks and other equipage, including a newly bought cooking stove and utensils upon a wagon; and as the morning sun was just gilding the eastern horizon, they started for their destination across a bleak prairie to Pawnee Rock, if I am correct, nearly fifty miles away. It was their intention to walk half the distance the first day and camp at a creek, which embellished the map all right, but which when reached was as dry as will be this paper; so that for the want of water, these foot sore pioneers traveled on the whole distance to Pawnee Rock, reaching there near midnight.

Let me describe one of these Pawnee pioneers. He was a long, lean, lank, pale faced, young fellow from a Kentucky city. He wore in his shirt front a dazzling breastpin, and his lily white hands were encased in black kid gloves. He carried a little rattan cane on that memorable tramp. He lost that breastpin, and ruined the kid gloves, but he retained for many years, and may have yet the rattan cane as a reminder of pioneer days at Pawnee Rock. The other young fellows were much like him, and he shall be nameless here.

This company of Kentucky boys built the first little house, a structure fourteen by sixteen feet in size, dug the first well and laid the foundation for the present town of Pawnee Rock. The rock itself, a remarkable formation of nature, had been then untouched by the devastating hand of the ballast fiend. There were countless names carved upon it, dating back one hundred and fifty years. The old Santa Fe trail, which ran close by its base, was still plainly visible. A stone stockade still stood there, behind which several groups of travelers had fought fierce battles with the Indians.

The only white persons I saw during my brief stay there, besides those composing our own company, were passing soldiers from Fort Larned, then a military post. I staked out a claim but never filed upon it, and after a very short stay left, with a few others, for Marion County where I located and which has ever since been my home. The country surrounding Pawnee Rock gave no promise at that time of becoming the rich agricultural country it now is.

Pawnee Rock is an historic spot and the efforts of the Woman's Kansas Day Club to preserve it is a patriotic and highly commendable one, and as an old Pawnee pioneer, I am personally proud to help perpetuate it.

THE WONDERFUL PAWNEE ROCK

By Robert M. Wright

ON a beautiful spring morning in early May, 1859, I was awakened at break of day—having gone into camp the preceding evening after dusk—by the singing of birds and the lowing of cattle, and last, but not least, the harsh and discordant voice of the wagon boss—of whom I stood in wholesome fear—calling: "Roll out! roll out!" to the men as the cattle were driven into the corral to yoke up and get started. Indeed, all nature seemed alive and pouring out the sweetest notes on that lovely morning when I first saw the great rock.

It was, indeed, a curious freak of nature, rising abruptly out of a fertile stretch of bottom land several miles wide, three or four miles north of the Arkansas River, which flowed sluggishly along its way, its muddy current on its usual spring rise, caused by the melting of snow in the mountains. The time of year, the ideal weather and the lovely greensward, interspersed with most beautiful variegated wild flowers, combined to make one of the most beautiful sights I ever witnessed. The scene impressed itself not only upon me, but the other drivers—"Bull whackers," we are called—shared my admiration, and, through our united petition to the wagon boss, the train was halted long enough to allow of our going to the rock, from the summit of which I obtained the grand view that so impressed me. It seemed as if I could never tire of gazing on the wonderful panorama that spread before me.

The road, if recollection serves me right, ran only a few hundred feet south of the base of the rock, parallel to its face. The rock faced the south, rearing itself abruptly, and presenting almost a perpendicular front with a comparatively smooth surface, having thousands of names inscribed on its face, and also on a great many slabs that had, in the process of time and exposure to the elements, been detached from its top and sides and lay flat at its base. Most of the names were those of "Forty-niners" who had taken that route in their mad rush for the gold fields of California during that memorable year Among the

names cut in the rock were those of officers and enlisted men in the United States army, as well as a number of famous men and frontiersmen.

There were also a great many Indian paintings, or pictographs, and hieroglyphics done by the red men—crude and laughable, and some of them extraordinarily funny; but I have been told since, there was a great deal of significance attached to these paintings, some of them portraying important tribal history, others representing brave and heroic deeds, performed by members of the tribes.

Of course, there were a great many stories told of the rock, romances the most of them, I suppose.

An old plainsman and mountaineer told me that the name "Pawnee Rock" was taken from a great fight lasting several days, between the Pawnees and their life-long enemies, the Plains Indians composed of a mixed band of Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, Comanches and a few Sioux, all pitted against the Pawnees, and numbering more than ten to one. What a desperate battle it was!

The Pawnees had come over to the Arkansas on their usual buffalo hunt, and, incidentally, to steal horses from their enemies, the Plains Indians. They crossed the river and proceeded south, penetrating deep into the enemy's country, where a big herd of ponies grazed and lived in supposed security. The Pawnees reached the herd without arousing the least suspicion of the owners that the animals were in danger. Surrounding and cutting out what they wanted, they started on the return trip, greatly elated over their easy success, and reached the Arkansas River without meeting with the slightest resistance, but found the river very high and out of its banks. Then their trouble began. The ponies refused to take the river, which delayed them considerably. In the meantime, the band of Indians, composed of Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, Comanches and a few Sioux, was on a buffalo hunt, too, when some of them discovered the trail of the Pawnees and quickly notified the others. They all gave chase, overtaking the Pawnees just as they were crossing the Arkansas. The Pawnees might still have gotten away, had they abandoned the stolen horses; but this they refused to do until it was too late.

Finally, pressed on all sides by overwhelming odds, they were glad to retreat to the rock where they made a final stand, fortifying themselves as best they could by erecting mounds of loose rock, and loading and firing from behind this crude shelter with such daring and bravery that their enemies were kept at bay. They were sorely in need of water. Of meat, they had plenty, as they lived upon the flesh of their dead horses. At night, some of them usually crept through the line of sentinels that guarded them and made their way to the river, filling canteens of tanned hide or skins and working their way back to their beseiged friends.

The fight was kept up for three days and nights, the Cheyennes and allies making frequent charges during the day, but always being compelled to fall back with severe loss, until they had almost annihilated the little band of Pawnees. On the fourth night they were reduced to three or four men. Knowing their desperate situation, and realizing that there was no chance for any of them to escape, they determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Every man stripped stark naked, and, watching his opportunity, when the guards were less vigilant than usual, crept stealthily toward the foes. Having approached as near as they could without detection, the Pawnees burst upon the enemy with all the fury of desperate men going to their death, and, with blood-curdling yells, fought as men never fought before. One of them was armed with a long spear and knife only. (These spears were used in killing buffaloes.) Many a man went down before the weapon, but, finally, the Pawnee drove it so deeply into one of his victims that he could not withdraw it. Then he fell back on his butcher knife and made terrible havoc with it, until, overpowered by numbers, he died a warrior's glorious death, reeking with the blood of his enemies. He certainly had sufficient revenge.

The time we camped at the foot of the rock, we did not go into camp until after night fall. Another man and I were placed on first guard around the grazing cattle. After being out some time, we were startled by something dropping, zip! zip! into the grass around us and near us. We thought it was Indians shooting at us with arrows.

There were all sorts of rumors of attacks from Indians, and this certainly was a great Indian camping-ground and country, so we were greatly alarmed and continually on the lookout, expecting at any time to be attacked. We finally concluded to go to camp and notify the wagon boss. He came back with us and for a long time believed that Indians were shooting at us, but the question was, where were they concealed? The mystery was finally solved: The peculiar sound was made by little birds called skylarks, flying up and alighting, striking the earth with such force that the noise seemed like that produced by the fall of an arrow or of a stone. The skylarks and meadow-larks sang at all hours of the night on the Plains.

The great Pawnee Rock has found its way into the history of the West. Around its rugged base was many a desperate battle fought and won; and many a mystic rite, performed within its shadow, has stamped upon the grand old mass the weird and tragic nature of the children of the Plains.

It was in the immediate vicinity of the Rock that I inadvertently started one of the most disastrous stampedes in the history of the Plains.

In the fall of 1862, I was going back East with one of the large ox trains of Majors Russel and Waddel. I think we had thirty or forty wagons with six yoke of oxen to the wagon. Our wagons were strung five or six together, and one team of six yoke of oxen attached to each string.

It was the latter part of November, and we were travelling along the Arkansas bottom about ten miles west of where the Great Bend is located. It was a very hot afternoon, more like summer than winter—one of those warm spells that we frequently had in the late fall on the plains.

I was driving the loose cattle. The Mexicans always drove their loose cattle in front of the trains, while the Americans invariably drove theirs behind. I wore a heavy linsey woolsey coat manufactured from the loom in Missouri. The body was lined with yellow stuff and the sleeves with red. Because of the heat, I pulled off my coat, and in the process, turned it inside out.

We had an old ox named Dan—a big old fellow with rather large horns, and so gentle that we used him as a horse in crossing streams. Dan was always lagging behind, and this day more than usual on account of the heat. The idea of making him carry the coat struck me. I caught him and, by dint of a little stretching, placed the sleeves over his horns and let the coat flop down in front. I scarcely realized what I had done until I took a front view of him. He presented a ludicrous appearance with his great horns covered with red, and the yellow coat flapping down over his face. Unconscious of the appearance he presented, he trudged along. I prodded him with repeated punches of my long driving pole; for in dressing him up, he had gotten behind. I could not but laugh at the ridiculous sight; but my laughter was soon turned to regret. No sooner did old Dan make his appearance among the other cattle than a young steer bawled out in the steer language, as plain as good English, "Great Scott!" "What monstrosity is this coming among us to destroy us?" and with one long, loud, beseeching bawl, put all possible distance between himself and the terror behind him. All his brothers followed his example—each one seeing how much louder he could bawl than his neighbor, and each one trying to out-run the rest. I thought to myself, "Great Guns! What have I done now?" I quickly and quietly stepped up to old Dan, fearing that he too might get away, and with the evidence of my guilt. I took from his horns and head what had caused one of the greatest stampedes ever seen on the plains, and placed it on my back where it belonged.

In the meantime, the loose cattle had caught up with the wagons and those attached to the vehicles took fright. In spite of all the drivers could do, they lost control of their teams, and away they went, making a thundering noise. One could see nothing but a big cloud of dust, and the ground seemed to tremble. Nothing was left but Dan and me after the dust had subsided, and I poked him along with my driving pole as fast as possible, for I was anxious to find out what damage was done. We travelled miles and miles, and it seemed hours and hours before I espied the wagon boss riding toward us like mad. When he came up and demanded the cause of the stampede, I replied

that I could not tell unless a wolf had run in front of the cattle and frightened all except Dan whom I held, thinking I would save all I could out of the wreck. There stood old Dan—a mute witness to my lies. Indeed, I thought, at times, he gave me a sly wink, as much as to say "You lie out of it well, but I am ashamed of you." I thought that God was merciful in not giving this dumb animal speech, for if He had, they certainly would have hung me. As it was, the wagon boss remarked, "I know it was the cussed wolves, because I saw several this afternoon while riding in front of the train." "Well" he continued, "that wolf didn't do a thing but wreck six or eight wagons in Walnut Creek, and from there on for the next five miles, ten or twelve more; and the most of them will never see the States again, they are so completely broken up. Besides, one man has a broken leg and another a broken arm, and a lot of the men are bruised up. Three steers have their legs broken, and the front cattle were fifteen miles from where we are now when I overtook them."

I have seen many stampedes since, but never anything equal to that. I have seen a great wagon train heavily loaded struggling along with drivers pounding and swearing to get the cattle out of a snail's pace, and one would think the train too heavily loaded; it seemed such a strain on the cattle to draw it. If a run-away horse or something unusual came up suddenly behind them the frightened cattle in the yoke would set up a bawl, pick up those heavily loaded wagons and set off with them at a pace that was astounding, running for miles and frequently overturning the wagons. The boss in front, where he was always supposed to be, would give the order to rough lock both wheels, which would probably be done to a few of the first wagons. Even those doubly locked waggons would be hauled along for a mile of two before the cattle's strength was exhausted; and seemingly the whole earth would shake in their vicinity.

IN RETROSPECT

By J. R. Mead.

THE most notable landmark on the Santa Fe trail in Kansas was that bold, projecting, red sandstone cliff—the southern outcrop of the Dakota sandstone, known to every plainsman as "Pawnee Rock." It was the only massive rock on the Trail east of the mountains.

For untold centuries, this commanding Rock looked down upon river and plain; upon vast herds of bison coming and going; upon armed bands of Red Men passing to and fro to gain glory in battle or food in the chase. From its summit, the Indian sentinel watched the coming and camping places of his prey; for the Rock afforded secure shelter, and water from a little spring at its eastern base.

Perhaps from this Rock, the hunting party from "Quivera" saw the cavalcade of Spanish adventurers led by Coronada who first followed up the north-west bend of the Arkansas, then crossed to the great southern bend of the Smoky Hill to "Quivera;" for this was the natural prehistoric route from the western plains of the Arkansas to the tribes inhabiting the Kansas River country. In succeeding years, other expeditions in quest of conquest and traffic, or zealous to teach the doctrines of the Holy Faith, passed by the Rock—some of them never to return.

Later, courageous Frenchmen, coming up the Missouri River adventured the plains for the purpose of trading and trapping. Some carved their names on the cliff.

In 1804 came Zebulon Pike following in the wake of eight hundred Spaniards who passed by the Rock on their return from the Pawnee village.

About this time commenced the Pack Train traffic between the Missouri River and Santa Fe, led by hunters and trappers who knew the route. These fearless adventurous men had traversed the plain and mountains long before the country was explored by the Government or mapped by geographers. To them, adventure and danger were

the spice of life. Their trail followed the narrow valley between Pawnee Rock and the river; and the Rock was one of their camping places.

Kit Carson who frequently camped there, told the writer the following adventure: "When I was a young man going out to Santa Fe with a pack train, I camped one dark night at Pawnee Rock. After supper, we picketed our animals, spread our blankets on the grass, and were asleep when a band of Indians rode over our camp yelling to stampede our animals. I jumped up and fired my rifle in the direction they had gone, and shot one of my best mules through the heart."

Succeeding the pack trains, came caravans of wagons increasing from year to year until the great Trail resembled the street of a city—but about the Rock lurked the Indians to plunder, stampede or kill as opportunity offered.

In 1872 came the railroad, displacing the cowboy, the Indian and the buffalo.

Last of all the settler came, and occupied the land. With his coming, the freedom and the chivalry of the plains departed. With vandal hands, he quarried away much of the noted Rock with its wealth of ancient inscriptions, but he staid, and from the wilderness has arisen an empire.

On whatsoever land the Anglo Saxon plants his foot, of that land he is master, or there he finds his grave.

A REVERIE

By Margaret Perkins

Departed is the glory of the plain.
The plaintive spirit of the solitude
By wanton breezes wooed,
Now mutely broods above the pensive train
Who softly tread around this woeful mound,
For it is holy ground.

Its summit—heir to desecration's blight—
Was tower and fortress in the Red Man's day
From whence he spied his prey;
And marked with eyes that gloated on the sight
White-crafted pilgrims on a grassy sea
Drift unto destiny.

Where merry children flit, and lovers stroll,
Pale wind-flowers reddened in the cruel shower;
Within a sullied bower
The prairie lily swayed its priestly bowl
O'er those for whom we plant the myrtle vine
And amaranthus twine.

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